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## Western

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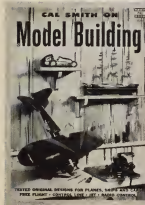


In this issue:

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*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.* President

# GABBY HAYES

## and THE BLUNDERING HERD



GABBY HAYES  
GOOD FRIEND!  
NOW HIM BRAVE  
OF BLACKFEET  
TRIBE.

THANKS, CHIEF MUDDY  
MOCCASIN! I'LL TRY TO  
BE A BRAVE BRAVE!

CONSERVED INJUNS!  
UNTIL THEY VAMOOSE  
WE CAN'T KILL THEIR  
BUFFALO!

BUFFALO HYDE'S EVIL  
EFFORTS TO SLAUGHTER  
THE BLACKFEET'S BUFFALO  
RUN INTO STRANGE RESISTANCE WHEN GABBY  
TURNS THE THUNDERING HERD INTO  
THE BLUNDERING HERD!



YOUR BLACKFEET  
NAME IS SHAGGY  
BEARD---SAME AS  
LEADER OF OUR  
BUFFALO HERD!

HEH, HEH!

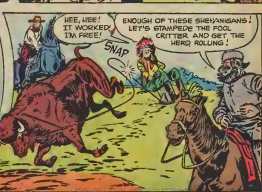
BUFFALO HYDE,  
IT'S SCALP-RAISING  
RISKY TO HUNT  
ON INJUN  
RESERVATIONS!

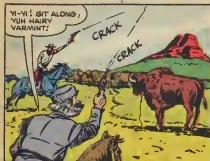
NO OTHER WAY  
TO GET A THOUSAND  
HIDES, PARD. I'VE  
HUNTED SO MUCH  
THAT THIS IS THE  
LAST BIG HERD LEFT!













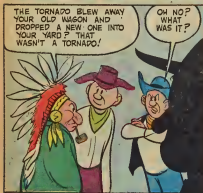


**S**HAGGY BEARD'S AROUSED HERD DRIVES THE HUNTERS INTO THE RIVER GORGE!



# CHIEF GREY MATTER

*in*  
**A BIG  
WIND**



# Turns Terrific Clout Into Out!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

JUST LOOK AT SANDY NOT EVEN CLOSE TO THAT FLY

WE'LL NEVER WIN TOMORROW'S GAME WITH THAT KIND OF BASEBALL

OOOPS!

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

SORRY JIM, I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY SPEED LEFT

BETTER WEAR YOUR "P-F'S" TOMORROW. YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR SPEED EVERY INNING TO HELP US WIN

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®

DAY OF "THE BIG GAME," WE WERE LEADING 4-3 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH WITH 2 OUT AND RUNNERS ON SECOND AND THIRD...WHEN...

WHAT A WALLOP! LOOKS LIKE A SURE TRIPLE!

BUT LOOK AT THAT CENTER-FIELDER!

GOT IT! GOOD THING I WAS WEARING MY "P-F'S"

GREAT CATCH, SANDY. YOUR SPEED SAVED THE OLD BALL GAME!

AND "P-F'S" HELPED ME PLAY AT MY BEST RIGHT THROUGH THE GAME

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

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...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN  
...INCREASE ENDURANCE  
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



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GABBY HAYES WESTERN

# MASKED MENACE

*A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale*

**H**OWDY, there, young folks. I see you are admiring my noble steed, Corker. He's some handsome hunk of horseflesh, isn't he? Now watch what happens when I say, "Kneel, Corker." See how he gets down on his knees so I can dismount? I tell you, there's not another cayuse like him in the whole west. Why, Corker can do everything but talk!

And speaking of that, I recollect a few years back when I happened to meet up with a horse that *could* talk! I see your eyes a-popping and I reckon you wouldn't even believe this story if it was told to you by anybody but Honest Gabby Hayes. Let's all sit ourselves on this here corral rail and I'll tell you all about this talking horse which I nicknamed Mr. Chatter.

One day, I was sitting on the porch of the Rawhide General Store, waiting for somebody to come along for me to talk to. It was one of those red hot, lazy summer days. There wasn't a soul stirring on Main Street and the only sound was the buzz of some big flies, trying to bore their way through the screen door to get at the sugar barrel.

I had just bought me a poke of apples in the store so I took one out of the bag and began to chomp on it. Imagine my surprise when somebody said, "Say, Buster, how about giving me a bite of that apple?"

I looked up and down the street and behind me and every which way and there wasn't a human being in sight. The voice spoke again, "Please, mister. I sure would admire to have a bite of apple. I haven't had anything to eat but dried up sage grass for nearly a week."

And 'twas then I noticed who was talking to me. It was this big roan, standing near the hitching rail. I was plumb astounded as he continued, "Don't think I'm just a beggar. I'll pay you for the apple as soon as I get a job. And believe me, when I'm employed I work like a

horse!"

Well, sir, that seemed fair enough and he had an honest face for a roan. So I pulled a good size apple out of the poke and said, "Here, friend. I never like to see anybody go hungry, man or beast. Have an apple. Have as many as you like. And as for paying me, don't worry about it."

(Those apples were three for a penny and I figured it wouldn't hurt me even if he didn't pay me back for a month.)

After he had eaten enough to satisfy him, I remarked, "It's rather uncommon to meet up with a horse that speaks English like you do."

"Well, I do my best," he responded, modestly. "Of course, sometimes when I get excited, I'm afraid I have just a trace of accent. There's Spanish blood in my veins," he explained.

For awhile we talked about the weather and the condition of the crops and what prices were being paid on the cattle market and all the same kind of things that a man and a horse are likely to talk about. Then an idea struck me like a bolt from the blue. I had a plan to unmask the Masked Menace!

You've heard of him, of course. He was well-nigh as notorious as Jesse James! He specialized in holding up stagecoaches out on the lonely road through the badlands. None of the victims could ever identify him on account of the mask. Some folks suspected that he was probably a citizen of Rawhide, going around pretending to be a good, honest person. There was no way to make sure until I got my great idea.

"Hey, Mr. Chatter, come on down to the sheriff's office with me!" I said.

"You mean me?" asked the roan. "But I haven't committed any crime. I didn't *steal* your apples!"

"No, no," I said. "I think you and I can

work together to stop a crime. But I want to confer with my friend, Sheriff Slim. Come on."

I asked Mr. Chatter to wait outside while I went into the lawman's office. The sheriff was at his desk. "Slim," I said, "I think I have figured out a way to get the goods on this here Masked Menace."

"How, Gabby, how?" exclaimed Slim.

I responded, "Well, now, I was just talking to this horse out here and he says . . ."

Slim is pretty strong and he caught me by surprise. He picked me up bodily and laid me out on the couch alongside the wall. He said, "Gabby, you lie there real quiet like and you may recover. You've had a sunstroke. I'm going after the doctor right away!"

I was so flabbergasted I couldn't open my mouth and he hurried out the door. I got up and ran out a second later. I said to the roan, "Hey, Mr. Chatter, the sheriff thinks I've gone loco. You've got to get me away from here right away."

"Sure, get on board!" he said. I mounted and we went whisking away from there. I decided that on account of the way Slim had acted, I would unmask the Masked Menace all by myself. That is, by myself with the help of Mr. Chatter. I hadn't paid any attention to where we were going. We were well out on the plains when we happened to encounter Smiling Smith, the Friendly Horse-Trader. I nudged Mr. Chatter and said, "Keep mum. Let me do the talking."

Smiling Smith grinned and said, "Mighty fine-looking horse you're astride there, Gabby. Care to sell him?"

"I dunno," I responded. "I only just got acquainted with him and I'm trying him out."

"Well, bear me in mind," said Smiling Smith, smiling. "Remember, nobody but nobody gives you a better price than Smiling Smith."

He rode away and Mr. Chatter and I continued to the badlands. As I rode, I explained my scheme to the roan. I told him to hang around the stage road and sort of follow the stage. Then, when the Masked Menace pulled a

holdup, Mr. Chatter could follow the Menace until he unmasked. "He'll never suspect a horse," I said. "Then you can go into court and be a surprise witness. There's a thousand dollar reward, and you and me will split it."

Mr. Chatter was all in favor of helping law and order so he agreed. He waited around. When the Masked Menace staged a holdup, he followed him and saw him take off his mask. Then he hurried to tell me about it. In fact, he was in such a hurry that that's where he made his mistake! Instead of waiting to get to the bridge, he jumped in and swam across Deep Freeze River, which is made up entirely of melted snow from the mountains. When he got to me, the roan had such a terrible case of laryngitis that he could only talk in a whisper. He whispered the name, "Smiling Smith."

But before I could ever get him to court as a witness, he had lost his voice entirely!

Well, sir, it looked like our whole court case was smashed to pieces, but Gabby Hayes is not one to take defeat easily. I figured if Smiling Smith was really the Masked Menace, it would be dangerous to prove, but I'd do it anyway. I followed that hombre out of town and the next time he tried to holdup the stage. I had a gun at his back. "You are all finished, Mr. Masked Menace," I said. "It's the cala-boose for you!"

I GOT the thousand dollar reward, but being a fair man, I split it fifty-fifty with Mr. Chatter, after taking out what he owed me for the apples. He took his share and bought steamboat passage to Spain, saying he had always wanted to get a look at the home of his ancestors. I got a letter from him just last week and he's not too happy over there—seems like he can't find anybody that speaks English!

THE END

*Read the riotous TALL TALES in future issues of GABBY HAYES WESTERN.*

# GABBY HAYES

## and THE TOY BANDIT

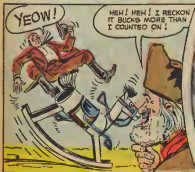


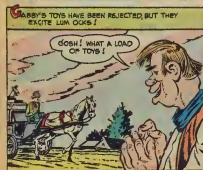
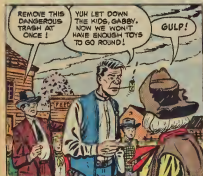
**A** STEALTHY VILLAIN PROWLS THE NIGHT IN QUEST OF STRANGE LOOT. GABBY HAS CLASHED WITH SOME QUEER GALLOTS, BUT THE TOY BANDIT TOPS THEM ALL!





WAIT TILL YUH SEE THE BE-OOTFUL CONTRACTIONS I MADE! TOMORROW WE'RE GOING TO HAND THEM OUT, IN SPT OF THE CONSUMED TOY BANDIT!

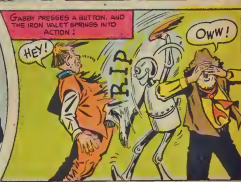


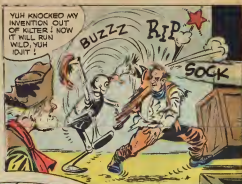
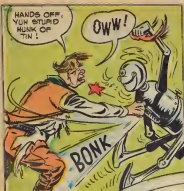




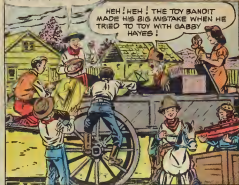








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FOR  
FREE  
GIANT  
GIFT  
LIST



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TODAY**

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
PRINT IN PENCIL ONLY

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# YOUNG FALCON

and **THE FRIENDS OF EVIL**



**OUT** IN THE BADLANDS LURKED TWO DEADLY RENEGADES WHOSE HANDS WERE RAISED AGAINST EVERYMAN! BUT YOUNG FALCON, THE LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS, IS EVER READY TO BRING CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE, AND SO HE GAMBLLED HIS LIFE AGAINST THESE HUMAN JACKALS FOR THE HONOR OF HIS PEOPLE AND THE LIFE OF AN ORPHAN BOY!

**ONE** DAY, WHILE YOUNG FALCON IS VISITING THE VILLAGE OF THE OSHAGAS.....

SPEAK, GRAND-MOTHER WHITE DEER! I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU IF I CAN!

IT IS ABOUT MY ORPHAN GRAND-SON, HAWK FEATHER, A BOY OF THIRTEEN SUMMERS! HE HAS BAD COMPANIONS, EVIL MEN LIKE RED DOG AND HIS BROTHER, MAD WOLF!

QUIET YOUR FEARS, WHITE DEER, I WILL SPEAK TO HAWK FEATHER!

YOU ARE KIND TO AN OLD WOMAN! YOUNG FALCON! MAY THE GODS BE GOOD TO YOU IN RETURN!

**LATER...**

HAWK FEATHER! HE'S STERLING CHIEF STRONG OAK'S VENISON! I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE GOES!



SOON,  
IN THE  
FOREST  
ON THE  
VILLAGE  
OUTSKIRTS...

RED DOG, MAD WOLF,  
SEE—HERE IS THE  
VENISON YOU TOLE  
ME TO BRING! I  
TOOK IT QUIETLY  
SO NO ONE WOULD  
SEE!

WELL DONE! A  
GOOD HUNTER  
ALWAYS WORKS  
QUIETLY!



YOU COYOTES ARE QUICK WITH  
YOUR KNIVES, BUT NOT  
QUICK ENOUGH!

THUD!



YES! AND A CLEVER THIEF HAS  
SOMEONE ELSE DO HIS  
STEALING FOR HIM!

YOUNG  
FALCON!  
HE SPIES  
ON US!

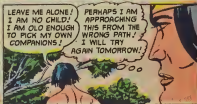
AND NOW, MY YOUNG  
FRIEND, WE WILL RETURN  
TO YOUR VILLAGE! THOSE  
TWO ARE EVIL MEN AND  
WILL TEACH YOU  
EVIL WAYS!

I WILL NOT GO! YOU  
ARE NOT MY FRIEND!  
ONLY RED DOG AND  
MAD WOLF ARE MY  
FRIENDS! ALL THE VIL-  
LAGE LOOKS UPON ME AS  
A MERE BOY EXCEPT THESE  
TWO! THEY TREAT ME AS A  
MAN AND THEIR  
EQUAL!



LEAVE ME ALONE!  
I AM NO CHILD!  
I AM OLD ENOUGH  
TO PICK MY OWN  
COMPANIONS!

PERHAPS I AM  
APPROACHING  
THIS FROM THE  
WRONG PATH!  
I WILL TRY  
AGAIN TOMORROW!



**B**UT YOUNG FALCON NEVER GETS  
THE CHANCE TO HELP....

HAWK FEATHER,  
YOU WERE BRAVE  
TO SPEAK SO  
COURAGEOUSLY TO  
YOUNG FALCON!  
TO SHOW YOU HOW  
MUCH WE THINK OF  
YOU, WE WILL TAKE  
YOU ON A HUNT  
TONIGHT!

A HUNT  
TONIGHT? I  
DON'T KNOW!  
MY GRAND-  
MOTHER—



ARE YOU AFRAID OF A  
SQUAW—A BRAVE, YOUNG  
WARRIOR LIKE YOU?

HAWK  
FEATHER IS  
NOT AFRAID!  
I—I WILL SLIP  
FROM THE  
TEEPEE AND  
JOIN YOU!



**T**HAT NIGHT PINO HAWK FEATHER  
AND HIS EVIL GUIDES FAR FROM  
THE VILLAGE!

THIS IS THE PLACE  
WHERE WE BEGIN  
THE HUNT! YOU  
HOLD THE HORSES  
WHILE WE SCOUT  
AHEAD!

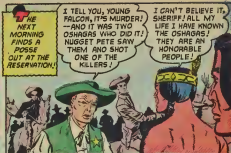
ALL RIGHT,  
BUT HURRY!  
I AM ANXIOUS  
TO BEGIN THE  
HUNT!











**MEANWHILE, UP IN THE HILLS...**

HURRY TO THE VILLAGE AND BRING WHITE DEER! HER KNOWLEDGE OF HERBS AND MEDICINE WILL HELP ME! IF SHE GIVES TROUBLE...

SHE WILL COME QUIETLY WHEN SHE KNOWS WE HAVE HER GRANDSON HERE!



**THAT NIGHT, MAD WOLF SLIPS BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND...**

YES, HAWK FEATHER IS ALIVE AND WELL, BUT IF YOU DO NOT COME WITH ME YOU WILL NEVER SEE HIM ALIVE AGAIN!

I WILL COME!  
I WILL COME!



**BUT AS MAD WOLF AND WHITE DEER LEAVE THE VILLAGE-- A LITHE SHADOW SLIPS AFTER THEM!**

IT LOOKS AS IF I WAS RIGHT! WHEN THE SHERIFF TOLD ME ONE OF THE KILLERS WAS WOUNDED, I HAD AN IDEA THEY MIGHT HAVE TO COME TO WHITE DEER FOR HELP!



AND NOW, MAD WOLF WILL LEAD ME TO THEIR HIDING PLACE!



**IT IS DAWN WHEN WHITE DEER IS LED INTO THE HIDE-OUT!**

HAWK FEATHER-- SAFE AND ALIVE!

GRANDMOTHER!



GO, SQUAW! HEAL RED DOG'S WOUND OR YOUR GRANDSON DIES!

I WILL DO WHAT I CAN! BUT SPARE THE BOY! SPARE HIM!



**LATER...**

OLD WOMAN, YOUR MEDICINE IS GOOD! I FEEL STRONGER!

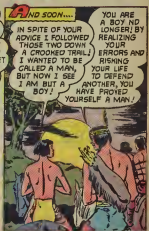
THEN MAY WE LEAVE NOW, MY GRANDSON AND I?



LEAVE? SO YOU CAN TELL THE TRIBE WHERE TO FIND US? DO YOU TAKE US FOR FOOLS, OLD WOMAN?

STAND OVER THERE, SQUAW! IN A MOMENT I WILL SEND YOU TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!





# GABBY HAYES

*in* **DANGER:  
EXPLOSIVES!**

WHOA! WHOA!  
BLAST YUH, DO  
YUH WANT TO  
GET BLASTED?

LOOK OUT!  
IT'S GABBY  
HAYES!

WITH THE  
BOOM BOOM  
WAGON!

IT'S FULL  
OF NITRO!

RUN FOR  
YOUR LIFE!

WE'LL ALL GET  
EXPLODED TO  
KINGDOM COME!

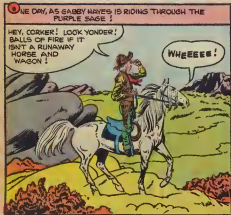
**DANGER! EXPLOSIVES!** WHEN GABBY HAYES, THE FEARLESS FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHINS RANCH, DECIDES TO TAKE A JOB AS DRIVER OF A NITRO WAGON, SOMETHING IS BOUND TO BLOW UP.....EVEN IF IT'S ONLY THE LAUGHTER THAT'S EXPLOSIVE!

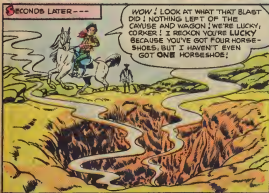
ONE DAY, AS GABBY HAYES IS RIDING THROUGH THE PURPLE SAGE!

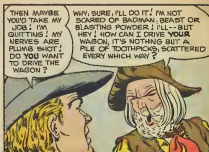
HEY, CORKER! LOOK YONDER!  
BALLS OF FIRE IF IT  
ISN'T A RUNAWAY  
HORSE AND  
WAGON!

WHEEEEE!

GIDDAP, CORKER! WE'LL  
RESCUE THAT RANNEY  
BEFORE HE BASHES HIS  
BEAN ABAFT A  
BOULDER!

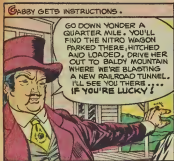






GABBY GETS INSTRUCTIONS.

GO DOWN YONDER A QUARTER MILE. YOU'LL FIND THE NITRO WAGON PARKED THERE, HITCHED AND LOADED. DRIVE HER OUT TO BALDY MOUNTAIN WHERE WE'RE BLASTING A NEW RAILROAD TUNNEL. I'LL SEE YOU THERE... IF YOU'RE LUCKY!



MEANWHILE, PARTHER ALONG THE ROAD!

I'LL JUST COVER UP THE GOODS WHILE I GO GRAB SOME LUNCH!



BY CHANCE THE CANVAS COVERS PART OF THE WORD EXPRESS!



AND A MOMENT LATER, GABBY COMES ALONG!

EXP! THAT'S SHORT FOR EXPLOSIVE! THAT MUST BE THE WAGON I'M SUPPOSED TO DRIVE!



TOUCHING FAREWELL.

SO LONG, CORKER, OLD PAL! I'M EITHER GOING TO BE A VEEP OR A HEAP!

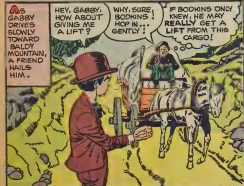


AS GABBY DRIVES SLOWLY TOWARD BALDY MOUNTAIN, A FRIEND HAILS HIM.

HEY, GABBY, HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A LIFT?

WHY, SURE, BODKINS! HOP IN... GENTLY!

IF BODKINS ONLY KNEW, HE MAY REALLY GET A LIFT FROM THIS CARGO!



GOLLY, GABBY, YOU'RE DRIVING SO SLOW IT'S MAKING ME SLEEPY!

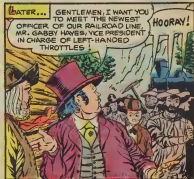
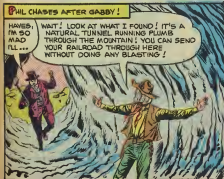
I CAN'T TELL HIM WHY I'M DRIVING SLOW! HE'D HAVE A FIT!













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## NEW BACK PRESSURE-ARM LIFT METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION



• The victim is placed face down in a prone position with arms overhead and bent at the elbows, one hand upon the other, and the head turned to one side so that the cheek rests on the hands.

The rescuer, on one or both knees at the victim's head, places his hands on the victim's back, with thumbs just touching and the heels of the hands just below a line running between the victim's armpits.

The rescuer rocks forward slowly, elbows straight, until his arms are almost vertical—exerting steady pressure upon the back.

Next, the rescuer rocks slowly and slides his hands to the victim's arms, just above the elbows, which are raised until resistance is felt at the victim's shoulders—then, the arms are dropped. This completes a full cycle, which is repeated 12 times a minute.

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Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carabines, Trophy Cups, Medals *provided* that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee with their Contest Targets *before midnight, May 29, 1952!* NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to win!

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# THE TEEN TITANS

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